THE PACIFIC

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PAGANINI.

He ambled awkward on the stage, the while,
Across the waiting audience swept a smile;

With clumsy touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string, the audience tittered low.

Another broke! Off flies another string!
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.

Once more! The third string breaks its quivering
strands
And hisses greet the player as he stands.

He stands—the while his genius unbereft
Is calm—one string had Paganini left.

He plays. The one string's daring notes uprise
Against the storm as if they sought the skies.

A silence falls; then awe; the people bow
And they who first had hissed are weeping now.

And when the last note, trembling, died away,
Some shouted "Bravo"! some had learned to pray.

—Charles L. Thompson.

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue., Berkeley

H. V. Hartshorn, Los Angeles, Southern California Editor
517 N. Lake Street

Special Department Contributors.

J. W. Buckham—Current Thought and Literature. A W. Palmer—Social Service. G. W. Hinman—Missions. A B. Patten—Young People's Work. J. B. Orr—The Sunday School.

AN ASPIRANT FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP LEAPS INTO THE ARMS OF THE LIQUOR PEOPLE.

Mr. W. C. Ralston, who is seeking the Republican nomination for governor, contributed to the June number of the Pacific Wine, Brewing, and Spirit Review, an article entitled "Why I Am Opposed to State-Wide Prohibition." It was very satisfactory reading matter, undoubtedly, to the liquor element. Mr. Ralston said among other things: "Prohibition does not prohibit; nor has it proven successful in the communities where it has been attempted. It is a known fact that excessive drinking is most common in those states which have attempted to enforce prohibition."

It is astounding that a man who would have the people believe that he has judgment sane enough to make him a safe man in the gubernatorial chair could make so unwarranted an assertion as that. Mr. Ralston cannot take the statistics of prohibition in the state of Kansas and substantiate his assertion. They show quite the contrary, as do the statistics of many other places where prohibitory laws have been enacted.

In Missouri there are 4,000 saloons. In Kansas there are none. The people of Missouri expend on the average $24 a year for liquor; the people of Kansas expend only $1.48.

The best the pro-liquor press has ever been able to show for Maine was an expenditure for liquors of only $1.50 per capita. A recent conservative estimate from government statistics showed the drink bill of the United States to be $17.39 per capita. This includes the prohibition states. So, on this all-inclusive basis Maine and Kansas have to their credit nearly sixteen dollars per capita. When the comparison is made between states with the saloon and states without the saloon the figures and the contrast are found to be very much like the $24 to $1.48 in Missouri and Kansas.

Mr. Ralston says next: "In opposing state-wide prohibition I am not advocating the use of alcoholic stimulants even in moderation."

Strange statement, that! for he adds almost immediately: "As to the possible benefits and possible evils of the moderate consumption of light stimulants, there is a variance of opinions. Many physicians, some physiologists and not a few non-professional individuals believe that the moderate use of wine and beer with meals may not only be beneficial to health, but also stimulate achievement. Others of probable equal authority hold to the contrary. Where opinions honestly differ, it obviously would be unjust to impose one set of opinions above the others to the infringement of individual liberty of choice."

Mr. Ralston goes a step nearer the brink and adds: "I do not minimize the great importance of sobriety in the consumption of liquors, and still less the great evil of insobriety. But we may usefully remember that over-feeding may be scarcely less disgusting than over-drinking, and according to many physicians is said to be responsible for more illness. It denotes, moreover, at least as great a weakness of the power of self-restraint. Temperance is important—vitally important; but there are other things of capital importance in our well-being—freedom, and the building up of character, to which a large measure of freedom is essential."

Finally, Mr. Ralston declares himself in favor of high license, and whacks the temperance workers with the following words: "So completely indeed has the fanatic—perhaps I should use the milder word, enthusiast—dominated the movement that fanaticism and temperance reform have become almost synonymous terms."

No one, of course, would be justified in going so far as to declare that Mr. Ralston in the foregoing is exactly **advocating** the use of alcoholic stimulants, though he seems to be riding that horse much more than the other; but these and other statements by him make him "O. K." with the liquor people. And the fact that he contributed to the liquor journal herein named a 1500 word article of the tenor indicated by these quotations stamps him as having gone out of his way to let the liquor people know what could be expected of him now and always.

In the last few days Mr. Ralston has followed up his leap into the arms of the liquor people by issuing a little pamphlet for general distribution, in which he argues against state-wide prohibition with the usual sophistries.

There was no call, save that from the liquor forces, for Mr. Ralston to enter into this fight. An effort was made by the Royal Arch to get Governor Johnson to declare against the movement to make California dry. Tom Finn of San Francisco, a member of the Royal Arch, frequently spoken of as "the Progressive Dictator" of this city, and as "Johnson's right-hand man" in San Francisco, is said to have urged such a declaration strenuously; but Johnson sensibly took the position that prohibition was an issue by itself, to be settled by the people at the polls, and that he would stand aloof.

The large Republican registration in California, which is now only 1800 less than the combined registration of both Progressives and Democrats, indicates Republican victory at the polls in November if men of right character are nominated. We regard it as very unfortunate for Mr. Ralston that he has entered into the fight against prohibition and also against the Red-Light Abatement Law. We do not see how his nomination could be satisfactory to men and women with the higher ideals of life.

It is not reasonable to expect from the people of California at the present time that they will put a prohibition-

t in the governor's chair. But, whatever the outcome at e polls in November of the movement to make California y, it is to be hoped that no man will be allowed to oc- upy that chair who is identified with the liquor forces as r. Ralstom now is.

We know of Republicans who intended to support him the primaries who say that they cannot do so since they ave knowledge of his article in the liquor paper. They o not reject him because of his individual convictions, but because he has thus made himself one of the leaders in a movement to defeat that which they believe should triumph.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The University of Southern California conferred recently on Bishop Bell of the United Brethren Church the egree of LL.D.

The Revs. Raymond C. Brooks, Albert W. Palmer and Miles B. Fisher are among the speakers at the Washington tate Conference and Summer Assembly on Vashon Island o be held from July 22d to the 29th. Mr. Brooks is to ive the morning Bible lectures part of the time and one vening address. Mr. Palmer speaks on "The Demand on he Modern Minister," and gives the Sunday evening sermon. Among other speakers outside of the state are Luther R. Dyott, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Portland; President Bushnell of Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, and the Rev. J. R. Unsworth, pastor of he Congregational Church at Vancouver, British Columbia. The program is an excellent one throughout, and the meeting promises to be one of fine fellowship and high value.

The Seattle Federation of Ministers adopted the following last week: "The Ministers' Federation, consisting of the members of the Protestant churches of Seattle, desire to put on record their appreciation of the noteworthy conduct of the two thousand Japanese of the training squadron during their sojourn in Seattle June 27 to July 7, 1914. The men of the squadron impressed the citizens of Seattle with their sobriety, courtesy and good behavior, and made a large contribution to the feeling of friendship and good will already existing between Japan and America. The federation extends its felicitations to Vice Amiral T. Kuroi and the imperial government, and earnestly prays that Japan and the United States may by harmonious and united action guarantee the peace and righteousness of the world."

In The Pacific this week will be found the articles under which the federated work of the Congregationalists and Baptists at Pullman, Washington, is carried on. We regard it as an excellent arrangement, and wish something like it might be instituted in many other places. It is not probable, however, that Baptists generally will look on it with favor, for fear that it might prove an entering wedge to a less emphasis on baptism by immersion and close communion. We have not seen any comment on it, either favorable or unfavorable in the Pacific Baptist. An indorsement would help the plan to spread, and we are hoping it will be given. Our year book gave the Congregational membership at Pullman in 1912 as 111. We are told that the Baptist enrollment was 158 in 1912. Pullman is considerably over-churched. The three strongest churches are "Christian," United Presbyterian and Methodist. The population is about 2500.

In the Oakland Tribune last Saturday, on the page set aside for the Church was the following: "The church has the most important message in all the Universe to give. It is being published just as it is beng proclaimed from the pulpits and altars of every church on every Sunday. Amid all of the hurry and fret and cares of this busy world, the church declares the good news—that man's real life is his spirit life, and that his relationship with God should be his first care. The deepest joys and highest privileges and the broadest opportunities of the human soul are found in personal fellowship with God through Jesus Christ, his Son. Whatever touches the lives of the people is the concern of the Church. If anybody is in distress of mind, or spirit, or body, the churches are sincerely desirous of an opportunity to extend help and sympathy. To the bereaved, the sick and the troubled in mind, the churches are especially eager to bring the comfort of Christ." The Rev.. A. W Palmer, who saw in Southern California the Tribune of the previous Saturday, reference to which was made in The Pacific last week, sent to the editor of The Tribune a highly commendatory letter. Not many years ago Church people were looking to the Oakland Enquirer for religious information, much more than to The Tribune. The situation has changed. For two or three years much more church matter has appeared in The Tribune than in The Enquirer, and the former has been far more of aid to the forces working for righteousness than the latter has been.

The California Independent, a Los Angeles publication, contained the following item last week concerning Judge Forbes who was in the Congregational ministry for several years on this coast: "Judge Frank S. Forbes is a candidate for re-election to the same office which he has held for the past three and one-half years in Department Three of the Justice Court of this City. During his present term of office he has heard over 1500 civil cases and nearly 2000 criminal cases. Judge Forbes has had an experience wider in many respects than most men in a judicial position. He was a teacher of public schools for eight years, pastor of Congregational churches for nearly twenty years, was admitted to the bar of this county six years ago, and has held his present position in the justice court since the election of 1910. He is a native of Maine, a graduate of Bates College of his native state, of Oberlin Theological Seminary in Ohio, a post-graduate student of Harvard University, and a graduate of the law college of the University of Southern California. Judge Forbes is a student in many branches besides the law; he has made a special study of the industrial questions now before the country, and is a frequent speaker at gatherings where such questions are discussed; he has taken a special interest in the labor problem and several years ago was made an honorary member of the Typographical Union, after giving an address at a meeting of the members of that body held in this city; he was also sent once as a fraternal delegate and speaker to the National Convention of the Railroad Men's Organization. The justice court is in a special sense the workingman's court, and Judge Forbes' experience in addressing bodies of working men has created in him a broad sympathy for the men who toil. Before entering the legal profession he was pastor of one of the Congregational churches of this city for several years, and during that time he took an active part in all matters relating to the moral and social welfare of the city. Judge Forbes is now the presiding justice over the four departments of the justice court."

In a recent sermom the Rev. Dr. Aked remarked: "It is impossible to tell how a book, an argument, a sermon, will strike any given human being. All preaching is relative

—relative to the person to whom it is addressed. When an argument for the truth of Christianity is demanded, you must consider what sort of an argument is wanted, as much as what sort of an argument is needed. You have all the experience of all the ages against you when you conclude that a flawless argument, armor-plated and irrefutable, can alone convince and convert. You have all the experience of all the ages against you when you conclude that only the highest type of teaching commands adherents, only the sublimest eloquence wings the preaching of the gospel message. A preacher often finds that a sermon so paltry, so wretched that it has made him despise himself and pray that he may never preach it again, has carried a blessing to some human heart. This is a plea for tolerance of every known and conceivable method of Christian service. And it is more. It is a reminder of the existence of those omnipotent forces outside ourselves which we have come to regard as the Spirit of God. We do not need to scout intellectuality, and all the gifts of culture, method, order, eloquence, which the Church is able to display and to direct. But beyond these, greater than these, working through them often, and often disdaining them, is the Spirit which, like the viewless, restless wind, breathes where it will, uncommanded, chainless, free, convicting the world of sin, of righteousness, of judgment, provoking penitence, inspiring assurance, blessing the soul with enduring peace. Touched by this Spirit, the failures of God are seen to be richer than the triumphs of men, and lives apparently destined to be cast as rubbish to the void justify the largest hopes for the future of the race."

WAS IT A CLEAN UP?

The Western Editor of The Congregationalist whose office is in Chicago had the following note in the issue of that paper on the 2nd of July:

"Some time ago a distinguished deputation of churchmen called upon Mayor Rolph of San Francisco and gave him a message from the Christian people of the country. It had been formulated, I believe, in the Federal Council itself, representing some seventeen millions of Protestant church members. The message was to the effect that unless the fine city by the Golden Gate received some kind of a moral clean-up before the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the delegates would discourage the attendance thereon of their respective constituencies. They were heartily assured of the executive's sympathy with their purpose and of his high intentions. At about the same time, I think it was, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, utilizing his big newspapers and the facile pen of one of his special writers, Dr. C. F. Aked, started a crusade against 'Frisco's notorious vice district, the 'Barbary Coast.' The result, so widely heralded at the time—and because we helped to herald it, is one reason for this second communication to interested parites—was that the "lid" was ordered put down and locked. Later advices were supposed to confirm this Puritanic condition. Look on that picture—and then on this:

"The other evening I had a conversation with a detective sergeant of over twenty-five years' experience. He had just returned from San Francisco in company with a prisoner. While there he utilized the opportunity to see if one could even peek under the lid. He tells me that in all his career, which has taken him into the worst of resorts all over this country, he has seen nothing so flagrant as conditions in a certain section of the coast city at this time. The conditions which he describes would certainly bear out that statement. It may be urged that he had to do considerable prying before he found these dens of infamy. But the places were within a few blocks of police headquarters —and he was accompanied by an officer!

" 'Frisco folks, isn't this worth looking into, with the Exposition only a few months away?"

IN NATIONALIST IRELAND.

Anna Louise Strong.

(Miss Anna Louise Strong, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of Seattle, has been traveling in Ireland. In the following article she gives some of her experiences and conversations with the people of that land.—Editor.)

"Sure, it's a fine time for ye to be comin' to Ireland now, with the home rule and all soon upon us. And is it from America ye are, now! It's the best half of County Mayo that's in America. Sure, I had an uncle of mesilf that was a senator from Philadelphia, and I never got a ha'-penny out of him."

It was our driver who sopke. We had come down from Dublin to visit one of the old county families with the intention of seeing the peasant life of the west coast, and the Irish volunteers who were organizing in force to match Sir Edward Carson's Ulster volunteers. We found at the village station a jaunting car and a loquacious driver. In a jaunting car one rides in the air, near the driver, and speech is easy.

"But you haven't home rule yet," I remarked.

"Sure, miss, 'tis only the signin' of the bill be the king now, and I'm thinkin' 'tis not the king will be refusin' us, with the Irish volunteers and all."

"Are you one of the volunteers?"

"I am that, miss. We do be dhrillin' every night over Murphy's shop."

"And what are you drilling for?"

"Dhrillin'. What are we dhrillin' for? He stopped and sent out a glance that just escaped being a wink. "It's dhrillin' to fight the Gairmans we are, miss. Sure, we'll all go down to the say shore, and divil a Gairman will set foot on it whatever." Another understanding twinkle of the eyes before he resumed.

"They do say they're goin' to cross swords with Ulster. But they will not. 'Tis a fine thing for the young men, miss. They do be gettin' that straight and healthy. But there's them in it that are over 60, and Jamesie O'Sullivan, he's five foot six and he weighs nineteen and a half stone, and he's that stiff he can's tie his own shoes whatever. But he's one of the Irish volunteers. I do be thinkin' 'twill be a fine thing for rejucing him, if his heart holds out."

"What do you think of Redmond's idea?" I said.

"Is it about the volunteers ye're meanin'?" he asked, and I assented. Redmond, the leader of the Irish party in parliament, had sent a demand to the committee of twenty-five men in Dublin, who were organizing the volunteers, asking that he be allowed to appoint twenty-five more on their executive committee A storm of argument had arisen in the papers that very morning, and I was anxious to know how much the Irish vilager understood of the situation.

"Well, somebody's got to be under somebody, miss," he answered. " 'Tis under our own parliament we'll be next year. But I'll be thinkin' now 'tis better for us to be under the Nationalist party, than under twenty-five men of Dublin that's ilicted themsilves to run the Irish volunteers. I'll be thinkin' Redmond will put some men from the counties on."

We turned through a gate up a lane overhung with

ees, which led at the end to a beautiful English garden
d an old-fashioned country house. The old estates are
st breaking up. Law after law has taken away the power
the landlord, and in many of the old families the feeling
bitter. But the two ladies with whom we were to stay
ere of the type of "good landlord of the old-times, who
pt close to the intimate life of the peasant tenants, nurs-
g them in sickness, sitting beside their death beds, stimu-
ting the growing of new vegetables and the development
new resources. One of them was a district organizer of
e Woman's National Health Association of Ireland, a so-
ety which, more than any other, has brought to the
omen on distant farms the light of new knowledge and
e joy of mutual effort. The other was a prominent mem-
r of the Gaelic League, which has revived the Irish na-
onal pride, stimulated Irish industries and is attempting
maintain the Irish language. Both felt that, however
umbly, they were called to help, through their knowledge,
eir local prestige and the giving up of their lands, in the
buiding of a nation.

This spirit is widespread along the west coast, and
oubtless in other parts of Ireland. Under the light-
arded chaff of drivers and farmers, in conversations which
nstantly rival the famous Dooley, runs a deep feeling
at Ireland is coming to her own again, and that they,
ch and all, are making history.

Nowhere, except in joke, did there seem to be that bit-
rness towards Ulster which Ulster feels toward the west
d south. They laughed at Ulster, they jested about the
nance of war with "them Carsonites," but no one admitted
e possibility of it.

"Sure and Sir Edward Carson should have been in jail
vo years ago, miss, for breakin' of the English law, but
's a good thing now that he wasn't, miss, for there'd been
o Ulster volunteers, there'd have been no Irish volunteers,
d 'tis the Irish volunteers as are the hope of the country,
iss."

And from another: "Begurra, them Orangemen was
inkin' to frighten the deuce out of us, till we got our own
olunteers. But I see as none of these Belfast shopkeepers
ent off to the Boers. Sure, the Connaught Rangers, they
ere the fighters, miss. And I'm thinkin' if any of them
opkeepers come up against a bayonet, they'll be quite
ntinted to retire, and make money behind their counters
gain."

"Will there really be fighting with Ulster?"

"There will not. And fer why? There's Irish volun-
ers in the north now and in every county. There's more
them in Derry (Londonderry, a northern town), than
ere is Carsonites. And they do be salutin' each other as
ey pass. Them northerners hate to come in with the
es of us, miss, that they've been rulin' all these years.
ut sure they'll do it in the end, and we'll be all one Irish
my. There are 150,000 Irish volunteers now and more
o be joinin' ivery day."

Note—Figures given as reported through the west
ast; guaranteed figures not obtainable.)

A peasant farmer spoke from beside the peat fire of his
ttage, in the possession of which he at last felt secure,
nce the congested districts board had bought up the land
d was selling it to him and his heirs in installments cov-
ing fifty years.

"What good is there in a country if it cannot difind it-
lf, miss? Sure, the standin' army of America is an army
volunteers, and one volunteer, sure, is worth two hired
men. 'Tis the Irish are the fighters, miss, and 'tis glad they be to have a chance at an army of their own."

He turned the talk to Michael Davitt, a rebellious thinker and organizer of the land agitation. "It's glad he'll be to see the day. 'Tis a great pathriot he was, sure, and he spint ten years in jail and died for Ireland."

More frequently the humorous side of the drilling was discussed. They had marched six miles and back one evening. "And they only gave us fifteen minutes to rest, miss, and when they were over there wasn't a drop of of beer in either of the two public houses. We were that dry. And we marched back singin' 'God Save Ireland.'"

"What tune is that?"

"Sure, ivery man had an air of his own, but 'tis the grand song whatever."

In place after place, among Catholics and Protestants, I raised the question of the priests.

"The priest do be against our volunteers," said one. "And the priests in some of the counties do be for them. It's not one way at all whatever, and I'm thinkin' 'tis none of their business."

"But they say in the north that if home rule is allowed, the priests will govern Ireland, because most of the people are Catholics."

"Between you and me and the side of the wall, now," said a weather-beaten farmer, "they'll have less power than they have now. And 'tis themsilves are afraid it'll be France and Italy over again."

"Sure, if the country was to be without religion, 'twould be desthroyed intirely," said another. "But we do not be runnin' to priests any more, miss, for to ask if we can wash our faces in the mornin'."

Our Protestant hostess held the same view. "There are 900 householders in this district," she said, "and only three of us Protestants. But the question of religion never rises in our dealings with our neighbors. They're the most tolerant people in the world, the Irish of the south and west. And most southern and western Protestants will tell you the same."

"How do you account for the bitter religious feeling in the north?"

"It's the last kick of the Ascendency party in the north," she said. "For centuries they have ruled Ireland; they hate and distrust the south as masters always hate and distrust slaves who are gaining freedom. Of course that is merely our view, take it for what it is worth. But we have some history on our side."

"In the early days the Irish church was independent of Rome. It ran its own affairs. It was an English king who received a special blessing from the pope to conquer the Irish and bring them, incidentally, into the fold of orthodozy. A fine bit of the irony of history.

"After the Reformation the north was English Protestant and the south was Irish Catholic under English Protestant landlords. The Protestant north with England at their backs ruled Ireland. Catholics had no civic rights; they could own no horse worth more than 5 pounds. Family dissensions were encouraged by a law that if any son turned Protestant his father's possessions belonged to him.

"In 1829 Catholic emancipation was secured. Even yet Catholics could not be magistrates, and they had to pay tithes to support Protestant churches. Then came the 'tithe war,' ending when the tithes were placed upon the Protestant landlords, who promptly raised the rents and took it out of the tenants again. Then followed the bitter

land agitation. Landlords were shot, bailiffs were shot, squires were shot. The condition of the peasants was frightful. They dared attempt no improvement, lest the improved land be taken from them without notice.

"Now a series of land acts has robbed the landlord of arbitrary power. The last act empowered a government board to buy up the farms tilled by the tenants, and sell them to their peasant proprietors on the installment plan. Already the change is noticed. Men whose only hope is that their grandchildren will have full possession of the land, are putting in improvements of every sort

"During the land agitation the priests were the champions of the people. Here and there an old priest of this type still survives, and his word is law to his peiple. But the younger priests have no such power. They are consulted in religion only.

"We of the south and west feel that the big business interests of the northern cities, backed by tremendous sums from England, are inflaming ignorant men of the shopkeeper class with this bogy of the pope. We think it's the dying gasp of the Ascendency party, a party which, when the last viceroy announced that he intended to govern Ireland as the Irish wished, raised a great turmoil and forced him back into line, a party which hates and maligns the present viceroy and the Countess of Aberdeen, because they are the first to go out among the people. Way off here in County Mayo, where we never got a civil answer even from a clerk in Dublin castle, think what it meant for us when her excellency sent telegram after telegram during the forming of the Women's National Health Association and came to visit us, and to talk with our women, and remembered a year later to inquire about the health of a sick boy she had never seen. But Dublin society and the Ascendency party hate her for the 'rabble she encourages.' We of the south and west believe that our peasants—well, tell us. You have been among them. Poor, half-starved, some of them, with the best of them gone to America—even yet, did you find a single cottage where they did not know what they wanted in the way of government, and why they wanted it?"

It was quite true. The sanity, good nature, and political intelligence of the Irish peasant had seemed to us little short of marvelous. Over and over we said: "They are a wonderful people." As much as any nation in history they have suffered for freedom. We felt that they had won and deserved whatever they get.

Next week when we go to Belfast we may modify our opinions somewhat. But for the present we agree with the Irish porter who helped us at the village station (who criticised the versification of the latest Nationalist song, averring that he had written better ones in the land agitation times):

"Sure, I went up to Ulster. And I was gifted wi' sobriety and honesty, and wi' keepin' the ball of me eye rollin'. There was Ulster volunteers and Irish volunteers, and they couldn't tell themselves apart soon. The Ulstermen is determined, miss, but 'tis not thimselves will be fightin' the rest of Ireland whatever. 'Tis fighters they are sure, because they're Irish, but be the same token they have simse."

Love never seeks its own, and never refuses it.

Too many people let the worst they can guess about a man eclipse the good they know about him.

THE FEDERATED CHURCH AT PULLMAN, WASHINGTON.

Brief mention was made of this federation recently in The Pacific.

The churches that have thus united their efforts are a Congregational and a Baptist. The pastor is the Rev. C. H. Harrison of the Congregational Church; and he has as associate worker Mr. W. E. Shawen, who is a Baptist.

The articles of federation are as follows:

"Object: The Baptist Church of Pullman, Wash., and the Congregational Church of Pullman, Wash., feeling that they can work to better advantage in the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom by uniting their resources rather than by maintaining separate services, agree to unite in common work and worship, but for business reasons each continuing its own organization.

"Name: The name of the organization shall be the Federated Churches of Pullman, Wash.

"Membership: All persons in good and regular standing in each of these churches at the time of the federation shall be considered members of the federated body.

"The right to vote: All members shall have the right to vote on all matters pertaining to the common interests.

"Each church shall, through its trustees or committees, continue the control of its own funds and care for its own property.

"Treasurer: There shall be a treasurer in common. The duties of this officer shall be to hold and disburse money used for the current expenses. He shall also hold and pay out on order to the various missionary organizations the money raised for benevolences. He shall be the custodian of all funds raised for general purposes. He shall be elected by a vote of the federated body.

"Clerk: The clerk shall perform such duties as pertain to that office, and shall be elected by the federated body. (It is provided that the board of trustees, or committees which have charge of the individual churches entering into this federation shall provide for the keeping of the records of their own meetings, which are called for the transaction of business which does not concern the federated body.)

"Financial Board: There shall be elected by the federation a financial board of five members. The duties of this board shall be to solicit pledges for the work, make collections, and have general oversight of the financial work of the federation. They shall appoint one of their number to act as envelope secretary.

"Advisory Board: There shall be an advisory board of five members to be appointed by the pastor. The duties of this board shall be to advise with the pastor regarding the spiritual, social and educational work of the church.

"Executive committee: The executive committee shall consist of the members of the advisory board, the financial board, the pastor and associates, the treasurer and the clerk.

"Election of officers: The financial board treasurer and clerk shall be elected at the annual meeting and serve for one year, or until their successors are chosen.

"Benevolences: The members of the federated body may make contributions to the respective denominations with which they are affiliated. Money contributed for benevolences, unspecified, shall be equally divided among the churches federated.

"Calling a pastor and associates: In calling a pastor

and associates all members of the federated church shall have a vote.

Admission of members: Members of any church shall be admitted to membership in accordance with the rules and customs prevailing in the churches which now form this federated body. Candidates for baptism shall chose by what form the ordinance shall be administered. The clerk shall keep separate rolls of membership and it shall rest with the one applying to determine upon which list his or her name shall be entered.

"Dismission of members: Letters shall be granted to members in good standing in the federated body, according to the usages prevailing in the churches of the denominations represented in the body.

The Lord's Supper: The ordinance of the Lord's Supper shall be administered according to the prevailing usages and the elements shall be offered to all, without sectarian distinction.

Provisions for withdrawal: Either party to this federation may withdraw from this compact by giving six months' written notice of such intention to the clerk of the federated churches.

"Annual Meeting: The annual meeting of the Federated Churches shall be in September of each year. The exact date of such meeting shall be determined by the executive committee, and a two week's notice of the meeting shall be given to the congregation.

"Amendments: Amendments to the articles of this federation may be voted at any regular meeting, or special meeting called for the purpose, by a two-thirds vote of the members present, provided notice of the amendment shall have been announced from the pulpit on the two preceding Sundays, and also published in the papers of the city at least one week preceding the meeting."

Committees of the churches, foreseeing that certain problems would arise made the following recommendations:

"First: That the Baptist Church be devoted to Sunday school and social work, and such other meetings as it may seem best to hold at the above mentioned place; while the preaching and the young people's work be held at the Congregational Church.

"That a special effort be made to clean up all liabilities of both churches for current expenses before October. 1, and if at that time there should be any outstanding accounts (for current expense) that such liabilities be assumed by the federated churches.

"Third That there be a pastor and an associate worker for Sunday schools and young people's meetings."

A correspondent of the Pacific Baptist, who resides at Lewiston, Idaho, spent Sunday, June 21, with the federated church and wrote as follows:

"From my visit, which was pleasant, indeed, I make the following observations: It is a useless expense to have religious services in both churches.

"The federation has the peculiar advantage of having a pastor who does not have a selfish motive in the federated movement, and does not expect that either church will lose its identity.

"The pastor is working on the idea that he believes will be the solution of some of the problems of our time. Will the congregation get the idea or will they stop with the man who possesses it?

The real strain will come when the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Harrison comes to an end. Will the federation balance without the 'personal equation' of the present pastor?

"So far as I am able to judge the churches are as well satisfied with the federation as the average Baptist church is with its pastor. (This may not mean the same to all churches.)

"The federation seems to have about all the problems that usually confront the local churches of any denomination.

"The aim is not to save money but to increase efficiency."

JOINT INTERVENTION SUGGESTED.

The Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, contributed to the Boston Herald for July the 6th the following:

"Peace negotiations at Niagara are producing meagre apparent results, while Mexico bleeds. One can hardly see how the small group of commissioners can exercise restraint over the constitutionalists sufficient to cause the cessation of hostilities before Villa commands the capital. When that goal is reached few would be so bold as to predict the maintenance of order over the country. Counter revolutions are threatening already and may confidently be expected. At the same time, for the United States alone to interfere would unquestionably mean years of guerilla warfare at enormous cost of life and treasure. Why should not the three South American republics, already co-operating with the United States in an attempt at pacification, join with us in forcing Mexico into a state of order and in policing the country by allied troops until a fair election is held and a new government has been firmly established?

"Mexico would not resist the approach of an allied army from the four sister republics, since there could be no question of their disinterested purpose, especially when resistance would be so futile. At the same time the Monroe doctrine would remain intact.

"Why should these four American countries sit idly by while Mexico in her wrath commits suicide or so disables herself and destroys her own resources and the resources of foreigners in the country as to make the future establishment of a safe, orderly and prosperous government practically impossible?

Comparatively recent history in Europe furnishes ample precedents for such a step, and only fourteen years ago an allied army marched against and captured Pekin, China, in order to protect foreigners and to save China from the natural consequences of her own madness. Such measures when unselfishly taken have inevitably saved bloodshed, restored order and contributed mightily to the peace of the world."

THE BROWN-WING OF KASHIWAGI.

The brown-wing looked to the west—
"It's over, it's over, it's over!"
A lilt, and down from her nest
She lighted among the clover. . . .

Oh, be as wise as the bird,
Wherever you are, dear rover;
The storm that this morning you heard
Is over, is over, is over!

—Mary M. Bowen in Japan.

He who whistles, must furnish his own pucker.

ASILOMAR MISSIONARY EDUCATION CONFERENCE.

The first conference of the Missionary Education Movement on the Pacific Coast was held at the delightful Y. W. C. A. conference grounds at Asilomar, Monterey County, July 3-12. The conference was favored by the precence of five eastern specialists, C. V. Vickrey, secretary of the Missionary Education Movement; W. E. Doughty, author of "The Call of the World," and secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement; Miss Susan Mendenhall, editor of "Everyland"; B. Carter Milliken, Educational Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church Board. The presiding officer of the Conference was Ernest F. Hall, chairman of the Pacific Coast committee of the Movement. Mr. Hall presided with great tact and added much to the effectiveness of the meetings by his untiring and gracious energy.

As is well known, forty-nine denominations, including our own, have united in making the Missionary Education Movement their agent for this end. Under the direction, therefore, of these united boards, this year, for the first time, there is a completely unified course of study prepared for all grades in the churches upon "The Social Aspects of Missions," with the slogan, "Christ for every life and all of life." The Movement has prepared five books on different phases of missionary work. These books are "The "Social Aspects of Foreign Missions," by Pres. W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University; "The New Home Missions," by Secretary H. Paul Douglass of the A. M. A.; "The New Era in Asia," by Sherwood Eddy; "Immigrant Forces," by Wm. P. Shriver; and a book on the American Indian.

These books were all carefully studied in regular class sessions. The whole Conference was divided for Sunday School missionary teaching into four groups: Primary, Junior, Intermediate and Senior. There was also another class to consider missionary education from the standpoint of the pastor and general worker. Each morning at 10:30 an institute was held in two sections on missionary education as related to the work of the Sunday School, the Young People's Society, the women's organizations, or other departments of church life. At 11:35 an address on some aspect of missionary work or education was followed by a closing session of prayer, the Conference adjourning at 12:30 each day. The afternoons were for the most part spent out of doors, in walks, tennis, drives, or other recreations. During the first hour of the evening Prof. Johnson of Berkeley led the entire gathering in Bible study, while the second hour was given to addresses by many of the leaders of different denominations on the coast and returned missionaries. There is not space to tell of the many impressive services or of the deep spiritual impressions made by these meetings. Those attending were profoundly impressed that this was the beginning on this coast of one of the most helpful and far-reaching agencies for missionary efficiency, and indeed for all lines of Christian activity, that has ever been inaugurated here.

The registration reached a total of 105, the largest number registered, so we are told, at any first session of the Movement in its different conferences. The largest denominational representation was by the Congregationalists. The largest city delegation was from Pasadena. What the Congregationalists present thought of the Conference is well shown by the following resolutions adopted by all who were present at the closing meeting. May we all take note of this new factor in our work on the coast and make the largest possible use thereof.

"We, the Congregationalists gathered at the Asilomar Missionary Conference, desire to express our hearty appreciation of the plans and methods of the Missionary Education Movement, and to adopt as our slogan for the year, 'Christ for every life and all of life.'

"Furthermore, realizing our responsibility for promoting in our churches the program of the committee of twenty-eight for this year, and our obligation to the Congregational churches not represented at this Conference, we pledge ourselves

"1st. To co-operate with the plans for conferences or institutes to be held this fall.

"2nd. To solicit attendance upon the Conference at nolar next year, and to circulate during the year litera- e pertaining to the Conference.

"3rd. To organize mission study classes and reading es.

"4th. To secure the reading of missionary books.

"5th. To have presented to our local and state confer- es the program of missionary study for the coming year "The Social Force of Christian Missions," and to urge adoption of the program as widely as possible.

"6th. To urge upon pastors, Sunday School superin- dents, leaders of women's societies and young people's ieties Co-operation in the general program for the year.

OMOLA M. ADAMS,	MRS. JAMES H. LASH,
IRS. M. C. ABERNATHY,	R. B. LARKIN,
OHN K. BROWN,	MRS. J. W. LINSCOTT,
ARTHA G. CASTOR,	CORA M. OTTO,
MY B. COWLES,	LELAND D. RATHBONE,
IRS. ERNEST A. EVANS,	MRS. L. D. RATHBONE,
ILES B. FISHER,	ALICE M. RISLEY,,
IRS. MILES B. FISHER,	M. JANET ROGERS,
IRS. MARY P. HAINES,	DESSIE J. SIMPSON,
IRS. H. C. HENNEY,	EMILY P. SMITH,
EO. W. HINMAN,	MRS. MARY H. TEMPLE,
. ST. JOHN.	

THE AMERICAN HIGHLANDERS.

Mrs. L. H. Schellbach.

To the minds of some Northerners the "Mountain ites" seem to be confused with the Georgia Crackers l other "poor white trash" of the South. But they are a arate and distinct class of people.

A few years ago a brakeman on the Great Southern Rail- y was killed. His fellow-trainmen wished to do some- ng for his little daughter about eleven years of age. A mmittee called upon her for this purpose and asked her at her greatest wish might be with the promise that if sible it should be fulfilled. They had anticipated such answer as "a big doll," a "trip to Asheville"—the near- city, or some such girlish longing. But without an in- nt's hesitation the child replied, "An education, if you ase." The men were taken off their feet, so to speak, they were game, and today the mountaineer brake- n's daughter is a pupil in an Asheville school, kept there the men who were too loyal to go back on their prom- to grant her whatever she might wish.

Probably in no part of our country today is there a re intense longing among the young people for some- ng better than their parents have known than among mountaineers of the Southeast. As proof of this we e only to visit Berea College, in Kentucky, or the other erican Missionary Association schools established for se people. Should you ask why the young of this par- lar people are anxious for advantages, one can only swer by saying this: "Blood will tell." For these people of unmixed stock. No English lord can trace back to Norman blood with any more certainty than do these de people to their ancestry direct from Europe three or r centuries ago. Sturdy Scotch and Irish were these estors and they left the land of their birth for prin- le—the right to worship as they believed best. In erica they had hoped for freedom from the galling ins of church and monarchy. But new problems were confront them here. In this land of the free their ite neighbors made slaves of black people—a thing ut- ly abhorrent to the liberty-loving band of Scotch-Irish. d their neighbors prospered; they were able to buy more d, raise more tobacco, buy more slaves. The Scotch- sh were obliged to sell their possessions and to buy ere land was cheaper. As population grew more land s required, and again those who refused to embrace very were driven farther and farther back from the ters of population. The friendly mountains offered them a home and they shut themselves off from the rest of human kind. As generation after generation grew up the difference between them and the rest of the world grew more marked. Sometimes misunderstandings, jealousies and enmities arose and outsiders were afraid to enter the mountain fastnesses. The inevitable happened. These people, shut off from the world, grew to rely more and more upon their own resources and today are perfectly capable of maintaining life if the rest of the universe should be blotted out. And theirs is a most interesting and in some respects a most pitiable condition. Their ancestors brought few or no books, and but few have been brought in by intinerant preachers. So they are largely a bookless people. This means that the old traditions have been handed down orally and as their ancestors were especially well versed in Biblical lore, you will find that today Bible stories, especially those of the Old Testament, are known by heart by every rough mountaineer. Book learning has always been held in the highest respect and one of these children will spend days poring over a few lines of printing or a stray letter that might chance to come his way. The most famous example that the world has known of their thirst for knowledge was the case of Nancy Hanks. Nancy owned an old Bible and she literally lived in its pages. After her marriage to Thomas Lincoln a copy of "Plutarch's Lives" chanced to fall into her hands, and during the period before her son Abraham was born every spare minute was spent with her two beloved books. How could Abraham Lincoln help being what he was?

Schools have always been few and far between and of most inferior quality. But the church habit has always been strong. Every few miles stands a rude unpainted building filled to overflowing on the Sabbath day. Never have I seen more ignorant nor more earnest ministers of the gospel. Some churches rely upon the services of an occasional traveling preacher. Others combine to maintain a minister who often preaches three or more times a Sunday traveling miles between services.

Imagine yourself in one of these churches. You have come from fifty to a hundred and fifty or more miles from the nearest railroad. The roads became worse and worse as you went on. Spring freshets had washed out great gullies and road building and road repairing seem to be nobody's business here. Bridges are a minus quantity and the numerous streams are forded. I forded the same stream eight times in ten miles once. But you forget the road as you drink in the view. The Blue Ridge is green for rainfall is abundant. Beautiful trees stand on every side and in the spring the scent of rhadodendron, mountain laurel, dogwood, azalias, etc., is rivaled only by the beauty of the blossoms themselves.

But we'll forget the beauty of God's outdoors in the beauty of intense earnestness and reverence of the people coming to worship in our little church. You are at once impressed by this earnestness even if everything else is different from anything you ever saw or heard before. Often the men sit on one side, the women and children on the other. The men are tall, gaunt, and large-boned, clothed in homemade, ill-fitting garments. There is an absence of "biled" shirts and white handkerchiefs, but clothing and bodies are generally clean. If you are a character observer, you will notice that among these men and boys there are no "sissies." Every jaw is square and set; every eye looks calmly and honestly into yours; every man is abundantly able to fight his own battles; every face shows that the owner leads a clean, moral life. The children are miniatures of the grown-ups in looks, dress and manners.

But the women! Ah, here is where you learn of the tragedy and the suffering that isolation has caused. Here is a woman with an awful red scar on the lower side of her face. Later, you learn that this woman was suffering from a terrible toothache. Home remedies failed to bring relief, the man of the house was unable to draw the offending member and she was taken to the blacksmith to see if his mighty strength could accomplish the task. Of course there was no anesthetic. With the crudest of instruments he did his best. The tooth was drawn, but the jaw bone was broken and the flesh torn from mouth to throat. Fre-

quent misshapen wrists, lameness, etc., testify to home treatment in case of accident, and as I looked at the stolid faces of the women around me, Whittier's lines ran through my head:—

"Care and sorrow and childbirth pain,
Had left their traces on heart and brain."

Theirs is the story of early marriages and the women are old women and grandmothers at forty. Some of the young ladies were exquisitely beautiful, with complexions that seemed direct from the Emerald Isle—if it is true that the Irish skin is extra beautiful.

But oh! the hats! If you ever wonder what becomes of all the old hats, just remember the out-of-the-day places of the world, for they surely collect there. The sunbonnets, worn chiefly by the very old and the very young, were charming enough in comparison.

But the minister enters and we must turn our attention to the service. Clad in old-fashioned, home-spun, home-made suit, with trousers tucked into leather boots, this minister looks like the men of his congregation—gaunt, determined, intensely earnest. He lines a hymn and the people sing it after him. Then one of the deacons lines a hymn and that is sung. Then the minister kneels in prayer, and as he warms up in his petition he expectorates more and more vociferously and the people in the front seats crowd each other into the corners to escape the shower. Finally the "Amen" is reached and echoed by nearly every one in the house, another hymn is gone through with, a chapter from the Bible badly read, and the sermon begins. These churches are sure to be one of three denominations—Cumberland Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist South. But whatever it is, the sermon is sure to be strong on the subject of eternal damnation and your blood fairly freezes as your God of love is pictured as a terrible monster, slashing and slaying everybody except the small handful belonging to that particular denomination. As the speaker waxes eloquent he draws in his breath at the end of each word, then ends each word with an "ah!" At the end he has worked himself up to a frenzy and the older ones of the congregation are with him. As their enthusiasm increases they groan and say amen and expectorate so freely that you heartily wish yourself somewhere else. But when it is over and the people file out you are impressed by the comfort they seem to take in their religion. It is spoken of as a "right smart sermon" or a "powerful fine sermon," and the people ride the five to twenty miles to their homes fortified anew for the battle of life. It is largely the Old Testament that has been handed down all these generations, the old wars have been fought over and over again, the old stories of hatred and revenge told from father to son. Is it any wonder that their daily lives exemplify hatred and revenge when their minds are fed upon the literal interpretation of ancient history? In the churchyard outside I once visited the graves, only a few years old, of two victims of a quarrel over whether or not a man could enter heaven if he had not been baptized. This quarrel had occurred just after services on Sunday and knives were drawn, the spectators taking sides with the combatants and mournfully burying the bodies the following week.

Let us go home with one of the families. You ride behind two spavined horses in a rude, springless wagon. Because your host has horses instead of oxen or mules, you know that he must be well to do. When you see his home you wonder what in the world can be the home of the not-well-to-do. A one-room shack with a rude porch, shaded by a grand old tree, is the home of the family of fourteen. As you sit on a bench in the porch the mother opens the house door, which has been closed the one day in the week, because the family were at church. A snake has draped itself over the wooden latch and glides away at her approach. Son Tobias picks up a wooden pail and draws fresh water from the spring and you find a gourd full very refreshing. Soon you are called in to a supper of cold greens, Dutch cheese and heavy bread. All the furniture is homemade, but everything is clean enough. The floor has been scrubbed and sanded the day before. The oilcloth on the table and the dishes are clean. But you happen to see a little lizard dart in at the open door and disappear somewhere in the house. Soon you happen to look at the wall near you and a festive bed-bug is slowly making his way out of a crack, and that makes you think—where are you going to sleep tonight? In many of the houses I had been in there was a loft or upstairs, but this house had none. I confess the combination of snake, lizard, bedbug, and no sleeping room, made one of the teachers and myself decide to return to the so-called tavern, and that which had seemed too poor for us in the morning was good to look upon now. But two of the older teachers stayed, and this was their experience:

Shortly after sundown the mother and girls pushed the table and chairs back into a corner, drew from a pile some mattresses, or rather straw ticks, and made up one long, continuous bed on the floor. Then the men all left the room, the women and girls undressed, and asked the teachers to "pile in" next to the wall. Then the girls lay down, the mother being the last. The candle was extinguished. The men then came in, the father laying down next to the mother, then the boys, ending with the two grown sons at the outer end of the bed. In the morning the men rose early, and the room was left to the women to dress at their leisure.

This was Monday and the family wash was taken to the brook, where it was cleaned by rubbing it on the stones and drying it on the bushes. This process is called "battling in the branch," the "branch" meaning the brook. Miss Miner saw the mother preparing chickens for the mid-day meal. Knowing this would consist of boiled chicken and soggy potatoes, she asked if she might help, suggesting that they have hot biscuits with the gravy. Miss Miner knew the mountain biscuits—hard bullets. Seeing there was plenty of good sour milk she dispatched one girl for soda. Another girl got down an old moulding board, which Miss Miner carefully scraped and scrubbed clean of fly specks and hung in the sun to dry. All this was watched by the five girls and the mother with open-mouthed wonder, and as she mixed her biscuits and thickened the chicken broth the mother shook her head. But everybody enjoyed the dinner hugely and Miss Miner had a vision of recipes being asked for, but nothing of the kind happened. Afterward, as the girls washed up, the unusual number of dishes, she learned that whatever called for unusual effort on the part of the workers was regarded as superfluous, and the mother confessed she "ruther have what she was used to than to go to all that bother. More work wa'nt book-larning. They had enough work already."

As you look upon the mountain sides and see only an occasional acre of corn or grain, you wonder what work the men find to do. The valleys are fertile and they are cultivated. Every few miles is an old mill, which employs one or two men. But whole mountains are of solid granite, the finest in the world—so far from the railroad that it is as yet untouched. Gold has been mined there as old sunken shafts testify. Sapphires and zircons are found, but have not been made to pay. After some consideration you conclude that the men are like the women—they work all the time at something but it amounts to no more than the necessary daily routine and they barely make a living.

However, the industry peculiar to these regions is the one you do **not** see. In vain did we urge our driver to take us back into the mountains twenty miles farther from the railroad than we had yet been. "Why, ladies," he said, "I would'nt das't go there myself, no how, let alone driving strangers into them parts." So I had to leave North Carolina without the pleasure of visiting dark corners. This is a portion of the mountains on the boundary line between North Carolina and Georgia, a few miles from South Carolina on one side and Tennessee on the other, and has a special history of its own. The United States government has had its eye upon this section ever since the war, but it is still untamed. Many have been the revenue officers sent there to investigate. If it is known when one is coming he is met and courteously escorted to any part of the district he may wish to inspect. When he tries to enter into conversation with the natives he finds them extremely reticent, which he reports as their great diffidence. Not a still can he find anywhere, not even a cave in the mountains that looks suspicious. And no matter how long he stays it is impossible for him to find any trace whatever of illicit whiskey making. But let an officer come in unawares, in whatever disguise, and the chances are slim indeed that he

ill ever see his home again. Mountaineers look upon a y as legitimate prey. One shot does the work and the ver,pool, or some deep hole receives the remains. And very stranger is regarded as a spy until he proves beyond doubt that he has no curiosity about moonshine.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago a whiskey-maker cided to educate his son, a lad of much promise. The ther had money and spent it freely that his boy might ad a better life than he had known. This boy finally was raduated from Yale. What is it that was lacking in his ducation or in his character? God alone can judge. At ny rate, when the time came for him to decide upon his ture career he chose—his father's business. Only he ould bring his trained mind and modern business methods to the work and make more of a financial success of it an his father had done. So he returned to the home of is childhood, and among the native whiskey distillers rmed a combine which would have been a credit to J. P. organ. He selected a beautiful site for his home and lives regal splendor—an outcast from civilization, a price upon is head. What has he done for his fellow creatures? aught them to make better whiskey—95 per cent pure al-hol, making demons of human beings when under its in-uence. In years of a good "cawn crop" considerable oney is made. But I was never able to find out that he elped a school, or a church, or a single human being to a etter life. So well has he organized his forces that guards re stationed at all entrances to those regions, a system of gnals is in use, and in an incredibly short time every man-estation of whiskey-making can be obliterated, stones are olled to the mouths of caves, fires extinguished, and the ountains present as innocent an appearance as one could sk. Whiskey is the curse of these beautiful mountains, s indeed it is wherever it is made or sold or used.

The language of these people is most interesting. Here e find Old English and Anglo-Saxon words and you some-mes wonder if you are not listening to a contemporary of haucer when he says, "holpen" for help, "wondreth" for onder, "ne hadde" for had not, "herte" for heart, adown" for down, etc.

I was much impressed by the Pogey people who live in ne valley by themselves. These Pogies are two or three fam-ies who separated themselves from the rest of the moun-ineers. For one hundred and fifty years they have married nd intermarried till they are almost all idiotic. They are lmost destitute of clothing and the bodies are partially overed with scales. There are probably no people in the nited States farther down in the grade of civilization han these Pogies. They are held in contempt by others nd are not considered a worthy foe to fight against.

Centuries of isolation have brought out these qualities o be condemned (in our mountain people)—hatred, re-enge, thirst for the last drop of the enemies' blood. You emember in one of the stories of John Fox, Jr., the scene laid in a region known as "Hell for Sartin," and the Sun-ay-schol established there is called the "Hell for Sartin unday-school." If you happen to be in a mountain region hen one of these ancient feuds is at its height, you think Hell for Sartin" is an appropriate name. And these char-cteristics are well brought out in the writings of Chas. gbert Craddock. But this writer also accentuates the etter qualities that have grown and expanded with the ears—loyalty, intense love for their own people, honesty, ospitality (of their own kind) and numerous other virtues. o be sure they do not see life as we do. For instance, abies are born in the presence of the whole family; often eighbors drop in to assure themselves that all is going ell. This is not immodesty. They are brought up that ay and to them it is proper and right. In God's eyes they ust be a pure race for illegitimacy is rare and monogamy universal. Their devotion to their religion can well put s to shame.

Lemon Grove, Cal.

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here where turbid waters fall apart
From hidden depths of tangled ooze and mire,
he tall white lily lifts its golden heart—
Soul, shalt not thou aspire?

—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

WHERE?

Oh! where is our **old** Bible,
Our mothers so believed;
Whose promises and threat'nings
They with their hearts received?

Where is the faith so childlike,
That takes His word entire;
That trusts alone His life-blood
To lift us from the mire?

"The virgin birth of Jesus,"
Received by them He's taught,
All man-made explanations
Have only havoc wrought.

The Word revealeth clearly
He's Holy Ghost conceived.
Oh! how can minds so many
By **reason** be deceived?

So much that staggers **reason**
To **faith** God maketh clear;
And all His word He will illume
If we let him walk near.

For Emmaus walks may still be ours,
And **He** the teacher be;
If only we would hear no man,
His meanings we could see.

Then give me faith so simple,
That cries out just for **Him**;
That will not let man's reason
Make aught of His word dim;

That writeth **inspiration**
Around His holy word;
And will not let its pages
By wily thought be blurred.

—Carrie Merrall.

Oakland, Cal.

MOZART.

Most beautiful among the helpers thou!
All heaven's fresh air and sunshine at thy voice
Flood with refreshment many a weary brow,
And sad souls thrill with courage and rejoice
To hear God's gospel of pure gladness sound
So sure and clear in this bewildered world,
Till the sick vapors that our sense confound
By cheerful winds are into nothing whirled.
O matchless Melody! O perfect art!
O lovely, lofty voice, unfaltering!
O strong and radiant and divine Mozart,
Among earth's benefactors crowned a king!
Loved shalt thou be while yet time may endure,
Spirit of health, sweet, sound, and wise, and pure

—Celia Thaxter.

I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my Lord, the sun;
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the sun. —Sydney Lanier.

Among the Churches.

Oakland First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by President Blaisdell of Pomona College. Dr. Van Horn will return in time to be in the pulpit the last Sunday of the month.

Ceres.—On Communion Sunday, July 5th, four united with the church, three on confession, a father and two girls. Fifty-one during the pastorate of A. E. Bradstreet have united with the Ceres church. Others are to come soon.

Angels Camp.—Children's Day ,recently celebrated at our church, was a pleasant occasion. Three children were baptized, three boys received Bibles, and ten children welcomed to cradle roll. Four adults have recently been received into the church membership on confession of faith.

San Bernardino.—Rev. Charles N. Queen closed his pastorate of five years and a half years the first of July, and enters at once upon the pastorate of the Berean church, Los Angeles. He has celebrated 72 weddings; baptized 38; buried 39; received into the church 129; and more than doubled the Sunday school.

Berkeley, First.—The Rev. Dr. Brooks will be in his pulpit again next Sunday morning and evening. Then he expects to be away for three Sundays. The first Sunday in August the pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. Mr. Toomay of Chula Vista; the second Sunday by the Rev. George Marsh of Bloomnigton.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Frank Bissell, who has been ill since his arrival in Yosemite, the 17th of last month, has so far recovered as to be able to get home, but will not be ready for work for a few weeks yet.

Sunday, July 5th, Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, gave a sermon in the little chapel in Yosemite on the text, "I Press On," which was one of great inspiration to those who heard it.

The Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Roberts of Antioch are spending their vacation in Oakland, and are at 2526 Tenth avenue. Mr. Roberts occupied the pulpit of the Richmond Congregational Church of San Francisco last Sunday.

The Rev. C. M. Streeter has resigned at Woodland after a successful pastorate of four years and has accepted a call from the church at Cupertino. This will give his two daughters the advantages of the State Normal School at San Jose without leaving the home.

The Congregatonal ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure last Monday of listening to a talk by the Rev. Frank Dyer, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Tacoma, concerning the work in Washingtom. Next Monday Mr. Tinnashima of Tokyo will speak concerning Japan. He has been sent to this country to better acquaint our people with the Japanese and for the furtherance of amicable relations.

Among our Southern California visitors in Berkeley are Professor and Mrs. George Robertson of Redlands and the Rev. John L. Maile, one of our Los Angeles pastors who was for twelve years home missionary superintendent in Southern California. A son of Mr. Maile graduated from the University of California this year. He has been engaged to take the department of history and music in the high school at Santa Rosa, where he will have about 600 pupils in music. While in the University Mr. Maile has been the baritone singer in the choir at the St. John's Presbyterian Church.

AN OUTDOOR MEETING.

Plymouh Church, Los Angeles, is going to add to its already well equipped plant, a home for its pastor, right next door to the church, and thereon hangs a tale worth the telling, so Plymouth thinks. Of course, if the church treasurer, Mr. Simmons, could have calmly seated himself to write out a check for the full amount of said parsonage, it would have been very pleasant, but, as a rule, parsonages do not materialize in that fashion. As a rule, men must pledge and women must work, almost to the limit, and Plymouth is much like the rest.

And so, after the roll had been called, and all pledges in, the Ladies' Aid Society, some two months ago, found itself down for five hundred dollars, and not even a nest-egg in the treasury. Under competent leadership, two circles were formed, the "Wide Awake" and the "Other Side," with a solemn compact between that the side winning the most dollars before a given time should be royally feted by the defeated circle. The activity that followed would put to shame even a suffragette. Afternoon teas, an old-fashioned spelling school, a sale of articles brought by one member from Japan, a concert, baking, sewing, all sorts of things helped to swell the funds, and when the results were announced at the June meeting, both sides were out in large numbers, eager to hear. The "Wide Awakes" had secured two hundred and fifty-five dollars, the "Other Side" three hundred twenty-five. The "Other Side" had won.

Now Plymouth is also fortunate in having as a member Mr. Fred M. Wilcox, treasurer of the Southern California Conference, who with Mrs. Wilcox has gotten into the pleasant habit of inviting the church ladies annually to their beautiful country home near Sierra Madre; so it was a time of great joy to the "Wide Awake" Circle when it was suggested that the closing meetings of the missionary and Ladies' Aid Society before vacation be held in connection with the promised dinner at the home of the Wilcoxes.

A more beautiful day could not have been found than June 13th. It was just warm enough up there in the foothills, and Mt. Wilson and Mt. Lowe never looked more picturesque. The Wilcox auto met the cars and the Wilcox yard was alive with flowers and people. The hostess was everywhere at once, thoughtful as usual; the host was beaming and cordial. Sixty-four, all told, had responded to the invitation, and fifty-eight ladies listened to the bright missionary program before leaving their chairs after dinner. Mrs. Larkin, mother of our superintendent, led our hearts in devotions, while we feasted our eyes upon the everlasting hills. Business, words of appreciation, and even a "Circle Yell" occupied the Ladies' Aid for a few minutes at the close, and then fruitade, good times and farewells were the order of the day.

It was a home-gathering of the family, and not one of the brothers or sisters or happy children will soon forget it.

L. P. W.

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION WOMAN'S CONGRESS OF MISSIONS.

Foreword.

The purpose of the Woman's Congress of Missions is to rry on a part of the work of the Committee of One Hun-ed appointed by the Federal Council of Churches of rist in America for religious work during the Exposition 1915.

A General Session of the Woman's Congress of Missions to be held during the first week in June, 1915. The best eakers on missionary and kindred subjects from all over e world will be present. The program will be of world-ide interest and all Christian women attending the meet-gs will have an unprecedented opportunity to gain infor-ation and inspiration. Missionary societies should begin w to plan for their leaders, at least, to have the privilege being present.

The meetings will be held in the new Civic Auditorium San Francisco.

Also, on stated days throughout the Exposition, different ases of Christian work among various nationalities will presented; and on other days pleasant social events will ing women from all over the world together, giving an portunity for better personal acquaintance and a wider owledge of the work of the growing kingdom of our God.

Watch for announcements in "The Pacific" in September. r further information address, Mrs. L. E. Hicks, Corres-nding Secretary, Woman's Congress of Missions, 2711 rant Avenue, Berkeley, California.

The Home.

SOUL CHANGES NOT.

hy mourn we for the golden prime
When our young souls were kingly, strong and true?
e Soul is greater than all time,
It changes not, but yet is ever new.

t that the soul is noble, we
Could never know what nobleness had been;
what ye dream, and earth shall see
A greater greatness than she e'er hath seen. . . .

d bless the Present; it is all;
It has been Future, and it shall be Past;
ake and live; thy strength recall,
And in one trinity unite them fast.

—James Russell Lowell.

A GIRL'S ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

"I can row, play golf and tennis, fence, dance, skate," laimed Sarah Miggs, in a recent sketch by Miss Baylor; can dress extravagantly, I can play the piano and paint ociously on china, I can speak French and German, I ride and drive.

"I cannot dress myself. I do not even take care of hands. I cannot cook a thing. I have no idea how make coffee or fry eggs, nor how much of anything to e out for any meal. I cannot sew on the machine or h my fingers. I have no idea what servants ought to how they ought to do it, how soon they ought to ac-nplsh it. I cannot take care of children. I faint in ick room."

Facing such assets and liabilities of a fashionable education, no wonder Sarah declared it something terrifying to become the head of a family on a moment's notice! Yet, sometime in her life, the sudden call to preside over the household of a husband, a son or a brother comes to the majority of women. What will she do about it? Will she enter upon her duties boasting of the fact that the kitchen is undiscovered country, and confident that instinct will over-balance her ignorance? Or will she, rather, like Sarah Miggs, acknowledge her deficiencies and rise to meet them?

Sarah made a grand novitiate. What might have been learned almost unconsciously under a careful mother's eye she sought in training classes and the homes of more practical friends. Roastology, bakology, marketology, patchology, nurseology became her study and her practice. It was no easy task, and one which her wealth made apparently unnecessary.

"I am not going to be a fraud as a wife," she insisted to all remonstrances. "I am going to keep my share of the contract. I am going to take charge of Dick and his house and his children just as if I were a lawyer taking a case, or a merchant setting up a store, or a captain taking command of a ship."

The whole tenor of her future proved that she was right. To row, to play golf, to dress charmingly, to be conversant with the whole gamut of accomplishments is commendable, but no young woman who has not in some degree mastered the intricacies of domestic science is qualified to become the queen of the home and so arbitrate the destiny of a family.—Lucy Elliott Keeler.

TAKING OUT SPOTS.

"I wonder why there isn't a course in the chemistry of taking out stains," said Mrs. Peters, as she looked despairingly at an assortment of various garments piled on the floor. "While I left the house and the children to Nellie to care for during my absence, I think everything in it got rust, mildew, grease, ink or some other abomination upon it. I studied chemistry at school, but have very little idea what to do to better these garments."

"I am no chemist," said her neighbor, who had run over for a friendly call, "but I have had experience in this sort of trial, and maybe I can help you with the practical chemistry that a housekeeper learns."

"Look at my table linen! See the berry and chocolate stains upon it!"

"Those are easily cured. Every sort of berry stain, tea and coffee spots, if not too old, can be removed by pouring boiling water upon them. Hot water will not do. It must boil hard and be turned directly upon the spot. If the stains are very old, mix together equal parts of youlk of egg and glycerine, cover the spots and let stand till dry, then wash, and the stain will be gone."

"I do not know what can have made this spot. What do you think?" said Mrs. Peters in a worried tone.

"That comes from chocolate, and may be an obstinate mark to remove. I should sponge first with cold water and then apply the boiling water. Sometimes it is necessary to repeat a remedy, but the boiling water never fails in the end. Those fruit stains have been wet before, which is the reason that hot water does no good to them. Try rubbing with a solution of oxalic acid, and then rinse in warm water. The acid is poison, so be careful to put the bottle away where it cannot be taken by mistake for some-

thing else. Make the solution by dissolving the acid salts in water."

"Nellie spilled a bottle of ink on my best spread and then left it to dry in. I knew that soaking it in sour milk would do no good after that stage, so I have tried nothing on it, but I should like to get that black streak out."

"And you can, completely, by melting mutton tallow and washing the inky place in it," answered the neighbor. "Fill the goods with the tallow, wash it out after it has stood for a few minutes, and repeat. You may have to do this several times if the ink has been there long, but there is no question of the efficacy of the treatment. It is better than dipping in boiling water, rubbing with salts of sorrel and then rinsing. If it were colored ink or any dye, you would have to wash it with alcohol. You can use alcohol for those grass stains, but I prefer boiling water for them."

"I will not have to ask you what to do with the scorched things, for when I first began housekeeping I learned that after I had scorched anything I could remove the brown by dampening the goods with soapsuds and laying them in the sun. A saturated solution of borax will remedy light scorches, but cannot be used on bad ones. Of course it must be rinsed off."

"We are getting the white things pretty well out of the way. 'Many hands' make 'light work.' It is too bad these napkins got mildewed, it is so hard to remove. Put these receipts for treating it in your notebook: Wet with soapsuds and lay in the sun; spread with a paste of soft soap and powdered chalk and sun it; soak in buttermilk and lay in the sun; when all else fails, use a regular bleaching compound made of a tablespoonful of chloride of lime mixed with four quarts of water. Soak the article in this as long as necessary, but rinse in several waters, as the compound rots the cloth. You will notice how large a part the sun plays in all these things. The sun is no mean bleacher for cloth."

"These spots are going away as if by magic. I always thought chemistry was a sort of fairy story, and this seems like the work of good pixies. Shall I try mutton tallow for printer's ink?"

"No. For that, soak in buttermilk until wash day, and then put through the wash as usual."

Mrs. Peters glanced at a skirt with a streak of white paint upon it, as she remarked:

"For taking out old paint I apply potash, very thin, using a brush to put it on. It cannot stand long, for the remedy may be worse than the disease, as it will eat the cloth. Safer, and generally as efficacious, is a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. Saturate the spots as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds."

You will find that iron rust will yield if treated with hydrochloric acid or with oxalic acid," said the neighbor, who held up a little white frock stained with rust. "Always rinse quickly and keep the hands out of all these mixtures or solutions, for safety and for the beauty of the hands. These acids may be dangerous if the hands are scratched."

"My maid taught me one thing about cleaning a dress," said Mrs. Peters, proud to give pointers to her experienced neighbor. "Once when my black broadcloth was spotted with mud, which would not yield to any cleaning fluid I had, she cut a potato in halves and rubbed the spots with it, wiping off with clean water. I keep for cleaning the children's clothing a bottle of potato water, which is an excellent dress cleanser. Here is the recipe for it: Grate two medium-sized potatoes into a bowl containing a pint of cold water. Strain carefully, allowing the liquid to fall into another vessel containing a pint of cold water. Let it settle, then turn off the water and bottle for use. Rub lightly with a sponge dipped in the potato water, wipe off with clean water, dry and press. Try this when you want to freshen up a gown to wear or to make over—or try it to take spots from rugs and carpets."

"One of the worst things I ever got on a dress was wax from a candle. It and all other greases will yield to the following treatment: First, scrape off the wax or grease, then rub with powdered French chalk, mixed to a cream with lavender water, lay a sheet of blotting paper over it and iron with a warm iron. When the chalk is perfectly dry lift the paper off and dust the cloth with a soft brush. If the stain is from oil on silk or woolen goods, lay the cloth on three thicknesses of blotting paper, and wet the stains with a mixture of two parts benzine to one of alcohol. Repeat if necessary, but use this remedy only in the day, as benzine is liable to explode used with artificial light. Oil on cotton is removed by washing with cold water. Hot water will set it."—Exchange.

LOVE'S LANTERN.

Because the road was steep and long
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.

Through miles on weary miles of night
That stretch relentless in my way
My lantern burns serene and white,
An unexhausted cup of day. . . .

—Joyce Kilmer in the Century.

For The Children.

KITUK AND THE LITTLE BROWN SEAL.

"Today you must go fishing," said Kituk's mother. "But I don't want to go fishing," complained Kituk. Did anybody ever hear of a boy who didn't want to go fishing? But then, Kituk had already gone fishing three times that week. And he had fished quite as often for many weeks before. So you see, that made some difference. Besides, it was as cold as the coldest day you ever saw, and colder, and that made some difference. So did the fierce wind.

"But," you will say, "what a strange day for fishing—cold winter and the wind blowing!"

Yes, it does seem strange, but often Eskimo boys must fish if they wish to eat. Besides, it doesn't make much difference to the fish, you know, how cold it is, nor how the wind blows, so long as they have five feet of ice over their pond. So Kituk's mother only answered, "An-ne-ca! You must eat, therefore you must fish. Come, you may spear flounders, while I catch tomcod with a hook."

Kituk put on his porke and went out to where his father had made a large hole in the thick ice. His father had piled cakes of snow all around the hole to keep out the wind. It was just like a little round house, only it had no roof.

Now, in order to spear flounders, Kituk must lie down

he ice close to the hole. He must look down into the r and hold his spear all ready to strike. When Mr. nder comes along, zim! he is speared.

A flounder is not like the fish that you white boys know. fishes swim with their sharp edge up. In the water look like a narrow line. But the flounder is a lazy w. He lies down on his side to swim. In the water ooks like a large leaf floating along. That is why he sy to strike.

Well, Kituk fished there beside that hole for two s. He was beginning to be very cold and very tired, n something strange happened. Just as he was about lunge his spear into a lazy old flounder who was float- by, suddenly Mr. Flounder began to wiggle his fins fast and swam away out of Kituk's reach.

That's strange," thought Kituk, and opened his eyes . He opened them much wider the next moment, for the flounder came a brown body that looked very down there in the water. Kituk jumped. Then he hed at himself.

An-ne-ca!" he cried, "it's only a little brown seal."

When the little brown seal saw the light from Kituk's he knew there must be air up there. He wanted some so he let the flounder go on and swam to the top. n he saw kituk he was greatly surprised. He stared im out of his big beautiful brown eyes.

Good morning," said Kituk; how are you today? And don't you go out on the ice-floe, where my father can t you? Then we would have enough to eat. I wouldn't to fish." But the little brown seal said never a word. just sank, and sank, until he was lower than the ice. n he quietly swam away.

Kituk watched a long time for more flounders, but came. Probably the little brown seal had scared n all away. Kituk was tired and very cold. He was ing sleepy, oh, so very sleepy! He wished the little n seal would come back and look at him, so he could awake.

Just at that moment the little brown seal did come , and when Kituk said "Good morning, little seal, how ou today?" the little brown seal answered in a squeaky , "Good morning, and how are you?"

Kituk was so surprised he could hardly believe his

Why did you drive away all the flounders?" he asked.

What do you want of flounders?" returned the little n seal. "They are not very good to eat."

Not so good as whitefish."

And whitefish are not so good as salmon."

And salmon are not so good as ptarmigan."

And ptarmigan are not so good as caribou."

I know," said Kituk, "but we must have food."

Come with me," said the little brown seal. "I'll show plenty of everything."

Down, down, they went. Kituk didn't seem to mind water a bit, and he could swim quite as fast as the brown seal.

They came at last to a big sea mansion. The little n seal led Kituk straight into the pantry, where there more food than Kituk had ever seen in all his life. e were dozens of reindeer and caribou. There were reds of ptarmigan stacked in rows. There were sands of whitefish and rich, red salmon.

Kituk, his mouth wide open, was gazing at it in astonishment, when, "Look out!" sang the little brown seal. But he was too late, for just as Kituk started to run a great voice said, "What are you doing in my pantry?" A heavy hand was laid on Kituk's shoulder. He looked up into the face of a great white bear. The bear began shaking him very hard. Kituk screamed lustily.

"An-ne-ca!" said his mother, bending over him. "Go to sleep! Freeze to death!" And indeed, if Kituk's mother had not wakened him, he would have frozen to death, and would have fished for flounders no more. For no one ever wakens from the freezing sleep, unless someone saves him. And Kituk had really fallen into that sleep.

By this time it had turned even colder. The fish had all gone away, so Kituk's mother told him to gather up his flounders and come home with her.

And there, by the warm fire, you may be sure Kituk was glad to sit and dream about the little brown seal.—R. J. Snell, in The Continent.

RELIEF IN RHYME.

When matters go askew sometimes,
I find much help in making rhymes.
For instance, when I darkly "grope,"
It helps a lot to think of "hope."
And when the night is black as "ink"
It helps to think that dawn is "pink."
When scenes are steeped in "misery"
I like to think of "charity."

"Glad" rhymes with "sad," and "light" with "night,"
While "plight" and "spite" suggest "delight."
And as for "jeer," and "sneer" and "fear,"
My rhyming scheme leads on to "cheer."

Just try it when your days are "blue,"
Your rhymes may show the "skies are too."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

SYMPATHY.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars.
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing.

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses on "Our Changed Conception of God," "The Changed View of the Bible," and "Christ from the Modern Point of View," have been printed in pamphlet form.

They may be had as follows: One copy, five cents; six for 25 cents; fifteen for 50 cents; thirty-five for $1.00.

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In the end sin will find a man out—but he won't be out his wages.

This Picture is one of two

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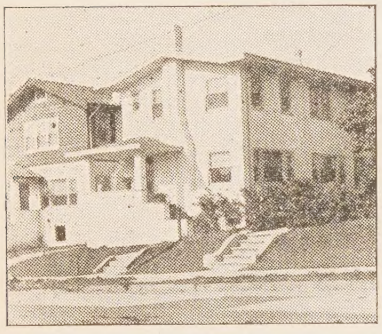

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